

Mr. Bancroft gives a succinct and generally accurate sketch of the great anti-railroad agitation, which continued so many years, and produced so phenomenal a crop of demagogues and opportunists. The Californian demagogue, as Shubert expected, is a particularly extravagant example of his type. No other State could have produced Kearneyism, for example, and no other State or city would have tolerated him half as long as San Francisco did. Yet there was a reason for this patience which in itself is characteristic. The traditions of the old Vigilance Committee are preserved there freshly, and the spirit which informed that powerful organization still survives. When Kearneyism, therefore, seemed about to proceed from a nuisance to a danger, the Vigilance sentiment showed itself, and before the mere preliminary reorganization of the formidable body the seditious movement collapsed. Yet it must be admitted that San Francisco has no more succeeded than New-York in emancipating herself from her bad elements. The Vigilance could deal with the Hounds, could overcome the corrupt government of Southern swashbucklers; but after all these years what is the condition of the city government? A blind school-keeper is the Democratic "Boss," and he governs the party in the State as well as the city. Under his dictation the municipality is inefficient and corrupt, and everybody knows it; yet his power is said to be increasing continually. No spontaneous output of energy and reform sentiment.

cure this condition of things. If the people are patient under abuses they will have opportunity to test their endurance. For a time, under the People's Party organizations, San Francisco did enjoy some years of good government. What has happened may happen again, though at present there are few indications of improvement.

Of course it was perfectly natural that in a State where an unusual percentage of rich men lived the fact that the people at large were better off than in any other part of the country did not prevent them from becoming envious and dissatisfied. The gambling in mining stocks, which had become so general that working men and women were among the most confirmed speculators, not only interfered with the formation of thrifty habits, but concentrated the attention of the poor upon the methods by which large fortunes were rapidly accumulated by manipulators. Those methods were in the majority of cases utterly flagitious; yet in spite of warning and example the wage-earners poured their money into the coffers of their plunders, and the more they lost the more did they race against the means of their impoverishment. Mr. Bancroft might have made the sketch of the gambling era and its effect upon public morality and feeling much stronger, without exaggerating the truth in any way. The mining situation had much to do with the outbreak of communism, which at one time wore so threatening an aspect, and the general discontent was not lessened by the knowledge of the truth that those who lost their money in stocks owed their misfortune chiefly to their own blind and stubborn credulity. Fortunately for California, however, her people are singularly buoyant and gifted with recuperative force. In a country where every other man has gone the full circle of Fortune's wheel more than once, nobody thinks of sitting quietly down to endure poverty. There are chances innumerable, and there are courage to seize and versatility to utilize them. He who is underneath to-day may be upmost to-morrow, and hope therefore never dies.

When we turn to the development of the Golden State, under Mr. Bancroft's guidance, we realize the secret of this universal optimism. No blunders, no perversities, no eccentricities, have been able for any appreciable period to affect the growth of California. Though she has sometimes waged war upon her most useful and public-spirited citizens, though she has flung away with one hand the riches gained by the other, though she has had to contend with such serious evils as land monopoly, attempts to monopolize water rights, attempts to carry on an industry at the expense of another as in the case of hydraulic mining, her resources constantly expanding and enlarging, have brought forth new sources of wealth steadily, and developed untold wealth in cereals and wine and fruits, to take the place of the decaying mines. Ever ready to discount the future, the Californians have sometimes pushed ahead too recklessly, as in the case of the southern real estate "boom." But the prosperity of these southern elements is already assured, and natural emigration must in a few years produce results exceeding the most daring imagination of impatient speculators. When irrigation is fully systematized there will be no more desert lands in any part of the State, and the steady extension of interior railroad communications will open up every cultivable area to settlement. The statistics given so copiously by Mr. Bancroft speak for themselves as to the progress of all the newer industries, and leave no room for misgiving as to the future. All that remains over to conjecture is the development of the people themselves, and there the indications, though not uniformly bright, are by no means discouraging.

It is probably too soon to look for signs of marked divergence from a national type in the case of the Californians, but many writers have believed that such change was already perceptible, and Mr. Bancroft appears to favor this view. That the climate of San Francisco does produce marked modifications of physique is incontrovertible, but it must be borne in mind that the climate of San Francisco is not that of the interior of the State, and that in most respects it differs radically from the latter. The chief peculiarity of Central California is steady dry heat for the summer months, alternating with generally profuse rains in the winter. There are months when not a drop of rain falls, and sometimes the winter rainfall is sparse. The extreme dryness of the air necessarily produces physical effects, but as a rule it operates as a stimulus. The hot north winds have a peculiar irritating effect upon the nervous system, exciting the aggressive to pugacity. Personal assaults and crimes of violence are always more frequent when these winds are blowing, a fact long since remarked by the police of the interior towns. A certain impulsiveness characteristic of the Californian may be partly due to climatic influences. His cheerfulness is also in part derived from the excess of sunshine and pure air he enjoys. As regards his moral and social peculiarities, most of them may be traced directly to his antecedents and surroundings.

In this volume Mr. Bancroft has recapitulated the main events in the history of California in such a manner as to present a remarkably vivid and clear picture of one of the most interesting stories of State-making to be studied anywhere. No information has been omitted which could conduce to a more thorough apprehension of the process, and the reader has unfolded before him a chronicle which combines romanticism and realism in a fascinating way. Through all the changes and vicissitudes of the State, appears predominant the masculine vigor of the people—a quality which, superior to every vice and error, and while carrying them safely through many stormy episodes, promises to conduct them, better and stronger for trial and suffering, to the haven of established order and completed civilization. Mr. Bancroft has accomplished his difficult task well and worthily, and his history of California is informed with a courage and candor which the people of his State should know how to appreciate even when their exercise takes the form of rebukes and sharp criticism, for "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

Mr. Walter Besant has effected a curious combination in "Armour of Lacyones." His heroine is a charmingly intelligent girl who has lived in the shadow of one of the Sicily Isles, where her forefathers have amassed a fortune by smuggling, wrecking and other industries peculiar to the "good old times." The principal male character is "the cleverest man in London"—an adventurer who by the judicious employment of "ghosts" has secured for himself a high reputation as a painter, poet and prose writer. He edits a society paper of his own, partly all the contributions being furnished by necessitous young authors and poets whose work he appropriates, even signing his name to it. He has entangled a foolish young painter into selling him all his work, which like wise he puts forward as his own. Of course the idea of the "ghost" business is derived from the famous trial a few years ago in London, when a husband and the sculptor was accused of winning, from upon another man's work. The Bell-Lacy case, however, was not so definitive in its exhibit as the fictitious one, for here the impostor is brought to grief, though he is finally enabled by his wife's adroitness, to wriggle out of his embarrassments and even to perpetrate his chicaneries.

All this is curious and novel, but it jars upon the reader a little as straining probabilities. No doubt there are plenty of men as scrupulous as Alec Feilding and as basely content with unearned or filched reputations; but one can hardly conceive of such a man silly enough to take the tremendous risks Feilding is represented as deliberately facing. Armored herself is delightful and her island and her quaint weird household and the story is as interesting and bright and full of color as are all Mr. Desaut's books.

There have always been, and perhaps there always will be, two radically opposed views of Marie Antoinette. The one regards her as an utterly bad and depraved creature, the incarnation of all that was worst and vilest in the Old Regime. The other looks upon her as the best and purest of women and queens, a noble and saintly martyr. If it is impossible to accept the teachings of either of these schools implicitly, it is at least quite safe to reject the conclusions of the first peremptorily, for there is no doubt that they rest almost wholly upon a kind of evidence which it would be simply infamous to condemn a dog on. The filthy lampoons, calumnies and slanders of malignant and rascal hirelings, the Duke under the direction of such scoundrels as the Duke of Orleans; the brutal and disgusting spawners of the Paris gutter, the vilest and most disgusting spawn of a time of measureless lawlessness and cruelty; the abominable imitations of Jacobin assassins, seeking in some vague excuse for the hideous crimes upon which they were resolved—these are the sources of the representations even now advanced by professedly serious historians in regard to the unfortunate Queen of Louis the Sixteenth.

M. de St-Amand fortunately makes it unnecessary to say more of this revolting view of Marie Antoinette, for he is of those enthusiastic advocates who see nothing but good in the Queen's character and conduct. But his position, if free from the objections which apply to that of Marie Antoinette's detractors, is nevertheless such as to call for a few words of warning. His book is interesting, picturesque, ingenious and full of color and life; but it is the Revolution viewed from the point of view of the Old Regime, and it cannot, for that reason, be accepted as a trustworthy account of the events. We are shown in this volume an aristocracy which has purified itself from all the vices of the preceding reigns; which is bent only upon the establishment of reforms and the contentment and prosperity of France; which, moreover, could and would have averted the Revolution, but for the fatal weakness of the King. Now that is not a faithful representation of the facts. The Revolution must have come shortly, had Louis the Sixteenth been a Louis the Fourteenth. It was no mushroom growth. It had been germinating since the first years of the eighteenth century, and the agencies which gave to its final fruition the character which supplied the world had been silently at work for centuries. What Louis XVI really did was to precipitate the outbreak, but it was precisely because the Revolution had gone too far to be checked before his time that all attempts at reform during his reign proved futile and altered the course of things not at all.

Louis was very weak, but had he been very strong the result would have been almost the same. The lives of the royal family might perhaps have been saved by a timely resort to force. A heavy blow struck at the beginnings of such violence might have checked it long enough to admit of escape. But it is not credible that the King could successfully have conducted a civil war, and even had his resistance to the Revolution been as prolonged and vigorous as that of Charles the First, he too, would have found his Charles, M. de Saint-Aignan does not or will not see that the explosions of popular hatred against the Government which preceded the formal attack upon it testified to the existence of deep-seated discontent, and of a kind which is always inflamed instead of mollified by concessions. The fierce feeling manifested against Marie Antoinette, the deadly hatred shown in the *marianne*, "the Austrian," popularly applied to her, no doubt had its origin in pure barbarism. It was akin to the sentiment of hostility shown by all savages toward strangers, merely because they are strangers; but in this case it was taken advantage of, fanned and encouraged, by those who were enlightened to share it. The part played by Orleans in organizing the Revolution has not yet been adequately treated. That he himself was the duper of his selfish ambitions, and that he was made the instrument of craftier and more far-seeing men, admits of no doubt. But who were those men? Demonstration on this head may not be attainable, but there are grounds for the belief that Freemasonry, or to be more precise, its offshoot, Illuminism, counted for much in organizing the Revolution.

Historians and esotericists have generally shared over or disregarded this kind of evidence, and it is only of late years that certain German students have taken up the subject and gone into it with some thoroughness. When every pretension has been taken against publicity, by an association having the strongest reason for keeping its own secrets, much must needs be conjectured; but it is certain that from 1280 onwards the plotting of lodges of the Illuminati throughout France was carried on sedulously, and it is equally certain that the main objects of these lodges were revolutionary. It is in this connection that Castelnau figures. The view of him as an adventurer and an impostor has obscured what may very well have been the main purpose of his presence in France. It is significant that no criminal complaints could be brought home to him in the notorious case of the diamond necklace. All that is shown is that he assured the Cardinal de Rohan that great results would proceed from the prosecution of the affair. Obviously such a declaration is susceptible of a double meaning. Great results did follow the scandal. It helped powerfully to destroy the monarchy. Castelnau, as the agent of the Illuminati, might have had that end in view in what he said. But these underground agencies were unquestionably at work both inside and outside of the Palais Royal; and if eventually the Revolution passed beyond the control of all who had been instrumental in bringing it to a head, the work of the pioneers was none the less important, and to be reckoned with.

On the opinion of the Government there was the blind optimism which more than any blunders precipitated disaster. A more incompetent King than Louis the Sixteenth to deal with such a crisis was never seen; but, then, the incompetence of a Government is always the opportunity of its enemies. Marie Antoinette was certainly no better fitted to rule than her husband. She at least knew her own mind, and had the courage of her convictions. She would have used the army, and perhaps with some momentary effect. Yet she was not a strong woman, nor an educated one. Of statecraft and politics she knew nothing. Extravagant, fond of pleasure, proud of her rank, birth and beauty, full of indiscretions, it was scarcely possible for her to do or say anything without giving a fresh handle to her malicious foes. No woman was ever pursued with more abuse and misrepresentation, and even today the generous mind of our country and the brave tolerance of our people are unmanly cowardice, the ill-will of a few men, and the cowardice of the hitherto blameless, are by-word in the slums of Paris, and will make her preface organized against her helplessness the most generous and annual ferocities of the most ignorant and inflammable classes. The infamy which attaches to the Duke of Orleans on this account is the deepest in an almost unparalleled record of shameful deeds, and not even his own death upon the scaffold he had built for his relations can expiate his guilt. M. de Saint-Amand, singularly enough, is not far from defending this pre-eminent evil personage, and seems to think him little worse than frivolous. On that point, however, it is quite needless to say more. The sentence has been passed upon Orleans by the public opinion of the world, and it is not likely to be reconsidered.

The sketch of Marie Antoinette given in this volume is not complete, but ends with the return of the royal family from Versailles to the Tuileries. There seems no particular reason why the story should have been broken off at this point, which certainly is not in any sense a terminal one, but marks only the end of one situation and the beginning of another. Perhaps M. de Saint-Amant could not bring himself to treat of the last melancholy days of his favorite. Whatever the cause, he concludes with a rather rambling reminiscence

*The True Test
For Baking Powders.*

The severe analytical tests to which the various baking powders have from time to time been placed have demonstrated clearly to the public the relative merits of the different brands from a scientific point of view. The official Government investigations, for instance, have shown that the Royal Baking Powder gives off the largest amount of leavening gas, and therefore is the most economical for general use. They also show the Royal to be absolutely pure and wholesome. For these reasons the Royal was recommended for Government uses, and it is now used in the War and Navy departments.

But the crucial test of the kitchen is, after all, the most satisfactory to the housekeeper. A baking powder that never fails to make light, sweet, wholesome and palatable bread, biscuit, cake, etc., is the one that will be selected by the practical housekeeper and received into her kitchen for continuous use. This test the Royal Baking Powder has stood for twenty-five years without failure, and hence its reputation as the best baking powder made has spread from house to house, until its use has become as universal as its merits are unrivaled.

chapter on Versailles, in the form of an epilogue. His description of the final spasms of the Old Regime would be improved by the omission of his confident intimations that all might have been preserved had the King been firmer. That view is behind the age, and is, moreover, not in accordance with the facts of history. Those, however, who will take the pains to remember that this is not by any means a serious historical work will derive much pleasure from its often brilliant passages and its lively portrayments of the Old Regime.

LITERARY NOTES.

A correspondent who recently visited Tolstol found the novelist slowly recovering from his severe illness, though still weak and emaciated. He has a violent dislike to medicine, but does condescend to drink Ems water and to submit to the homiœopathic treatment. He is not allowed, of course, to work in the fields, and is writing a new novel.

In a paper, "The Christian Union's" dealing chiefly with Hawthorne as a Bowdoin student, Mr. Mackard says:—"Professor Parkard, who examined Hawthorne for admission and was still a teacher in the College when the class came back, had a distinct recollection of Hawthorne's excellent Latin themes, and that the young man did well throughout in the classics. The professor remembered, too, that Hawthorne sat at the front bench, Longfellow being first in the class. Concerning Hawthorne's superiority among his classmates, Professor S. P. Newman was the instructor in rhetoric, and he was so much impressed with the charm of the composition submitted to him by Hawthorne that he would exempt the member from the usual exercises in which he excelled, a privilege which was to impress and delight the world with 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The Marble Faun'; one who was then but a child, full of interest about the students, has described to me the impression Hawthorne made on the young men's lounge. A fascinating shyness marked his manner, and she used to wonder that he could write so beautifully."

Mr. Andrew Lang says that Ibsen is "a pious person, with no sense of humor." Exactly; and is incapable, therefore, of seeing human life and character as they are, for the quality of humor is inseparable from true perception.

A book which ought to interest all American nature-lovers is in the press of the Putnams. This is Mr. C. S. Northall's "Trees of Northeastern America," a volume so prepared and illustrated as to help the most ignorant reader to identify all the native and naturalized species in the region named.

Mr. Ghalstone in his recent article on the Bible says: "John Bright has told me that he would be content to stake upon the Book of Psalms, as he understands, the great question whether there is or is not a divine revelation." It was not to him conceivable that a work so widely revered from all the known periods of antiquity, and standing upon a level of such high regard, could be assented to except by a special and extraordinary aid calculated to produce special and extraordinary results. It might did not possess the special qualifications of the scholae or the citia, he was, I conceive, a very capable judge of the moral and religious elements in any case that had been brought before him by his personal experience.

The Queen of Romania is writing a novel *the scene of which, sadly enough, is laid in Wales*. It is to be called "Defekt." Probably the Queen has never been in Wales, but there is where the imagination comes in.

France cherishes the memory of La Fontaine in a delightful way. This is the thirty-eighth year in which his fable at Chateau Fleury has been celebrated. The whole town was decorated, and the statue of the poet was crowned with flowers. The chief attraction is the house in which La Fontaine was born. It was bought by the municipality a few years ago, and placed in charge of an old woman, who shows it to visitors. The exterior is little changed, but only one or two of the apartments retain their original character. The chimney-piece and woodwork of the room in which he was born remain intact.

The granddaughter of Dickens, Mary Augusta Dickens, has written her first long novel, her previous work having been diverse short stories.

Mr. Besant thinks that there is some, if not enough, money in literature. "Mr. John Morley," he writes, "who always speaks well on literature, made a very curious slip the other day. He stated that there are not fifty, or even twenty, men and women who live by authorship. Why, the writing of novels alone there are at least fifty who make over a thousand a year, let alone a vast number, especially ladies, who live on incomes of a hundred or two made by authorship."

The young German Emperor shows enlightenment in his advocacy of the plan for a monument to Heine at his native town of Düsseldorf. The most eminent authors of Germany also advocate the erection of this monument, but the intolerant "Orthodox party" of the district has heretofore been able to suppress the project.

JAPAN RECOGNIZES BRAVERY.

TWO HANDSOME VASES PRESENTED TO ENSIGN

J. B. BERNARDINO OF THE NAVY.

One of the acts of Congress approved by the President a few days ago was that which authorized Ensign J. B. Bernardino, of the Navy, to accept two handsome bronze medals presented to him by the Japanese Government.

But that an act of Congress should be necessary in such a case may seem strange to some people, but that it is so is due to the fact that the United States statutes and the Navy Regulations forbid any officer from accepting "any present, decoration, or other thing" unless he is so authorized by Congress. Hence, these two awards could not be accepted by Ensign Bernardino until the act had been approved by the President, which was thus a few days ago.

The gift was in recognition of the bravery which has characterized many other officers of the Navy in emergencies.

Ensign Richardson was temporarily attached to the United States Legation at Seoul, the capital of Korea, in December, 1884, when an outbreak took place at that capital of such a character as to endanger the lives of all the foreign residents. The uprising began on December 4 and continued for three days. It was occasioned by the jealousy of rival political factions, which leaned respectively toward the Chinese and Japanese, these two powers long having claimed the suzerainty of Korea. A faction of Korean officers committed a series of

political murders, seized the King and implicated the rival Japanese and Chinese Embassies and the military forces guarding them in their quarrel. The Chinese, assisted by the majority of the Koreans, turned their joint forces upon the scattered Japanese and murdered all whom they could reach. The Japanese could retreat to their Legation, where also had gathered most of the Japanese residents of Seoul. Being fast upon them, the Japanese soldiers formed into a hollow square and ignored the women and children in this centre, and marched to the city gates, broke them open, and then placed themselves under protection of the guns of their own vessels of war.

[illegible]

WHERE THEY FOUND A LITTLE SHOE.

There is a saloon on Kearney st., San Francisco, which keeps in a showcase an abolition shell. It is large, about the size of a man's two outstretched hands, and in the center a mass of human skeletons lie, and in the center a mass of human skeletons lie. The story is that years ago a little child in Marin County wandered down to the beach, slipped in between the rocks, and was caught by the cruel mudfish, which closed against the tiny ribs and crimped it close to the rock. Years after, when everyone but the mother had forgotten the story, and she sat by the fire with growing-up daughters about her, some abolition fisher found the shell and put it on exhibition in the window of his cabin. There the mother saw it, and, hastening forward, brought the other little shoe, which she had found cast up by the tide on that dreadful day when she sought up and down the beach in vain for her child. They placed it beside the wrinkled shell, and every one present tried a cry of surprise, so startling was the resemblance. Afterward a chemist cut deftly into the bright nares of the mass and found traces of leather wrapped in its shining folds. There the lost baby's little shoe lies hidden and chained to pearl.

The Chinese and Italian fishermen who live on the sand dune and bays of the mighty cliffs of the coast from Cape Mendocino southward to Point Conception, know the abalone thoroughly, and they never despise the muscular grip of a large one. They carry long poles of iron, with which to pry them from the crevices of the rocks, or from the half-shell, for the abalone is a natural enemy of the half-shell, for the purpose of the prey, and the half-shell, and they break the iron, or rather, or dry them for market, but they seldom venture to stop in a cramped position down the rock-cracks to pluck a single abalone from his hold, without having the line handy. Three or four times the body of a drowned fisherman who fished that once too often, has been swept aside a day or two later, when the mellowed fish was his hold. Once, down at Point Sur, a Chinaman was drowned in this way, and the rest of the abalone, the village of black fish under the yew cliff absorbed the place of a week. They said that the ghost of the dead Chinaman had turned into a shark, and would soon catch another and another victim until the last of his race was dead. I rode that day with a friend, and saw them pile the dead Chinaman's clothes and belongings on the beach and burn them. They put a sign in Chinese on the top of the cliff, and, as I have heard, no Chinaman has ever since ventured to fish in that cove.

Polished abalone shells, and ornaments made from the "buttons of pearl" which have been shell conchoids, are very common in California, but are seen little in these days. They are a native aboriginal use of them as buttons and beads. If a specimen were too poor to be used for ornaments of value, the polished shell might be found at first as abalone buttons, polished by hand. The shells, too, were carried far inland, and used on hundreds of ranges for such homely purposes as soap-dishes and candle holders. Up and down the coast, in willow copses, or set in areas of tule, are the ancient "Kitchen Midden" where, mingled with clam and oyster shells, broken abalone shells often form the greater part of the mass around of debris. Inland, too, in the valleys where Indians once lived, abalone shells are found, carried there ages ago. The abalone must have been one of the principal food resources of the California coast Indians, and was probably exchanged by them for the acorns and pine nuts gathered by the Indians of the interior.

The anchor is fast disappearing. The Chinaman has acquired the profits of the modest milkmaid, when dried and shipped to China for the soup of the rich merchants and high official dignitaries of the Empire, are so great that he is pursued summer and winter, and thousands of tons of him have been dried, salted, and shipped away. There are but few large stations left — one can find worn worn shells on the beach, or in the deep limestone caves, that are becoming very low obtained. You will still find thousands of about the size and shape of a continental egg, but they are becoming scarce, and are taken across only turn up at rare intervals, and are much sought after by collectors, and people who know their haunts when peddled. There are two sorts of anchors, one on the Chinese coast, one black on the outside, the other red. When this outer shell is ground polished, the effect is either black or red, as the case may be. There are also buttons of the same shape, some buttons that contain green or blue shades come from the pearl buttons in the black back of anchors, while those that are white, and are of various colors, come from the buttons in the red backed species.

CURRIC'S WORK DONE BY A CLOCK.

From The Book Advertiser.

Darius L. Goff, at Pawtucket, R. I., is one of the proprietors of the great brass works, but has a fancy for the old-fashioned clock, and has just completed a ball of half a tall, old-fashioned clock, an irregular, whimsical shape, and of a most curious construction. The front door is connected with it by a rod with gearing attachments. Whenever the door is opened, it causes the clock to strike, and the door is so constructed so that it is out of entering or leaving the house, and the clock constantly sounds. The door is so constructed that it is operated by the clock in its movements, the case put in the bell is raised at dusk, and is lowered at dawn, and the bell is rung in the forenoon, and at half-past three, and at half-past five, and the family from their repose, and still an hour later the clock strikes, and the door is opened, and the family, who, softly musical cathedral chimes are struck, simultaneously in the chambers, and for a moment the household is startled, and the door is closed, and the family in wretched days he would certainly have been hanged.

had the desired amount of merriment at the expense
the general public